The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.

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NO FAVORS FOR CARRANZA.

THE activities of the Carranza agents at Washington and in this city remind one of well-paid, confident henchmen lobbying for a "Boss." It is not likely, however, that the President will begin the good offices of this nation toward Mexico by backing the claims of Carranza.

At the present moment the President and his advisers are discussing the Mexican situation behind closed doors. Their plans are no doubt only half formulated. The departure of Gen. Scott for the edge of the storm area promises shrewd reconnoitring and—if there is a chance for it—common-sense mediation. The nation is content to wait.

The public, however, is naturally interested in the Mexican problem. Where the friendliest efforts of this country in behalf of its neighbor may lead, no one can tell. Responsibility will be heavy and considerable money will almost certainly have to be furnished.

Meanwhile, having been assured that the handling of Mexico's unruly factions will be effective and impartial, this country would like to see every sign of arrogant assumption on the part of Carranza meet with prompt discouragement.

If prisoners and politicians can't agree how Sing Sing should be run, what can be expected of a mere honest man?

MAKING A HOLIDAY OF A HANGING.

SARKSVILLE, Miss., one day last week mixed trade, politics and a double hanging, according to reports, in one grand, widely-advertised picnic. While the Sheriff despatched two negroes, five thousand persons sat in an amphitheatre around the scaffold and ate their lunches. Lemonade and soft drinks circulated freely.

If half the reports about this holiday are true it was as disgraceful an exhibition as has ever been attributed to an American community. Lynchings are at least the result of excited passion and vengeance. But to advertise a legal public hanging as an attraction in a cold-blooded scheme to boom local business is revolting.

Sarksville ought to be favored with the unexpurgated opinion of every decent, self-respecting town and city in the nation.

A Harvard freshman has been sentenced to twenty-two months in jail for operating an automobile while under the influence of liquor. A most necessary and essential part of his education.

AN ATTEMPT THAT FAILED.

IN VETOING the sight-seeing car ordinance, which The Evening World vigorously opposed, Mayor Mitchel reviews for the benefit of the Aldermen the long fight which wrested special street privileges from grafting taxicab monopolies and finally established the present public hack ordinance.

The law now in force, thanks to the persistent efforts of this newspaper, secures the use of the public streets to all licensed cab operators on equal terms.

The sight-seeing car measure, slyly railroaded through the Board of Aldermen, was an attempt on the part of private interests to get back under a new form the old profitable privileges. It was plainly against the State law which provides that no owner, lessee or occupant of real property shall make any arrangement whereby somebody is permitted to use a portion of any public highway, street, avenue, boulevard or park owned by the State of New York, or any municipality therein, "for the purpose of permitting any vehicle to stand while awaiting passengers for hire."

Obviously a measure which permits the operator of sight-seeing cars to establish a stand for those cars in front of any building where he succeeds in leasing a ground floor or basement office should never have been passed.

In recording his veto the Mayor does well to make it plain that any legislative attempt to restrict the free use of the public streets as now granted to all properly licensed vehicles is out of date and will be promptly quashed.

Portugal has elected a President—thereby supplying one peaceful paragraph from Europe.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

It is the determined woman who has married a spendthrift to reform him who is first to take note of his change.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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A woman's idea of rigid economy is to cut out meat during the hot weather in order to save enough to attend a bargain sale.—Washington Post.

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A lot of men get the idea that they are breezy when they are merely windy.—Columbia State.

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Many a man will eat things away from home and ask for more who turns up his face at them and growls when his wife serves them to him at home.—Macon News.

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It takes a girl to make a young man believe she doesn't want to be kissed when she worries for fear he won't get busy.

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"Some people," remarked the man on the car, "reach their years of discretion early in life, and others wear wrist watches at forty."—Toledo Blade.

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If thanks and good advice—more or less good—were assets, we should all be millionaires.—Albany Journal.

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All men are born equal, but durn few of them can prove it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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Some people make a bluff at hiding their light under a bushel who never had a light.—Omaha World-Herald.

Letters From the People

Youthful Gamblers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The other day, passing in front of a saloon on the lower east side, I saw four boys (the youngest not more than about nine years of age and the eldest about fourteen) smoking as they gambled for nickels and dimes with a pack of dirty cards. Around stood watching a dozen men or so, some of whom had just emerged from the saloon. They seemed tickled at the thought of such young boys indulging in anything like this. To one these cheer and encourage the more was positively disgusting. Things like this are going on every day, and that is just the way in which I think many criminals begin. How is it that the city of New York can permit any such thing? Why don't the authorities do something to save these lads, young America, part of the coming generation of to-morrow, and place them on the right road? V. C.

Elderly Workers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

There should be a bureau where situations could be procured for elderly men who are fit and willing, of good character and habits. B. J.

Where Next?

By J. H. Cassel

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

MRS. JARR was waiting in the main aisle of the great department store for Mrs. Rangle when Mrs. Kittingly, the little grass widow who lived upstairs, seized upon her.

"How nice to meet you!" cried Mrs. Kittingly gayly. "I'm all through with my shopping and I've a taxicab outside. I want you to come with me and take luncheon!"

And she mentioned a very expensive restaurant indeed.

"Oh, I couldn't go, though I thank you very much," said Mrs. Jarr. "I promised Mrs. Rangle faithfully I'd wait for her near the leather goods."

"Never mind her," said Mrs. Kittingly. "She'll be probably lugging around a shopping net. That sort of women always do. And I do so want to talk to you about the children. Dear little kiddies! Ah, what wouldn't I give to have them?"

Little Mrs. Kittingly, being adept at emotional effort, brought a yearning look into her eyes, as if to indicate that no happiness would have been as great to her as the joys of motherhood.

"How are the darlings?" she added, almost brokenly.

"Emma is well to-day," said Mrs. Jarr, "but she had a slight fever last night and I was greatly alarmed."

"Why didn't you send for me?" asked Mrs. Kittingly. "You must never fail to call upon me if either of the little dears are ill. Oh, Mrs. Jarr! You should be a happy woman!"

"I'm glad you think so," said Mrs. Jarr. "But children are a great care."

"But to have them to love as your very own! To have a husband who adores you and devotes himself to you and not to have had your life blighted by wretches, as mine has been! Money? What is that?" asked Mrs. Kittingly in her most dramatic manner. "Can it bring happiness? No, it only brings worry! And that reminds me that the check didn't come to-day from my second husband's lawyer. Nothing would suit that man better than to know I was starving. But I would die before I would let him know that!"

"But you're not starving," said Mrs. Jarr.

"I feel as if I were. Can't you come to luncheon with me, please?" asked Mrs. Kittingly.

"I would if I could," said Mrs. Jarr, "but really I can't. And here comes Mrs. Rangle now."

"Well, I must be off then," said Mrs. Kittingly. "You won't mind it, dear, but, really THAT woman!" and she was gone.

"I'm surprised to see you talking to that person!" said Mrs. Rangle, coming up.

"But she is lovely to the children! And, to tell the truth, she is always well behaved," replied Mrs. Jarr.

"What's this world coming to when persons of that sort have it so nice?" asked Mrs. Rangle. "Did her husband get the divorce or did she?"

"I think SHE did," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Huh!" said Mrs. Rangle significantly. "It's easy enough for that kind, who have plenty of money and nothing to bother them, to pretend they are so fond of children. How much alimony does she get?"

"I really don't know," said Mrs. Jarr, "but it's a whole lot. Her last husband was a very rich man. She told me that the courts could have awarded her ten times as much and he wouldn't have felt it."

"Well, Mr. Rangle has his faults," said Mrs. Rangle, sentimentally, "but I'd rather have him than alimony."

"Yes, when we're poor we feel that way," replied Mrs. Jarr.

"Why, look!" said Mrs. Rangle, "the janitress of our flat was married to a cab driver, and he was a terrible man, and she got a divorce, and the court awarded her $2 a week, but he never paid it."

"Well, there, you see!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "A poor woman doesn't get it, just as I said."

"I suppose you're right," Mrs. Rangle answered. "It's only safe to get a divorce from a rich man with property. He HAS to pay."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Jarr. "But I can appreciate how Mrs. Kittingly feels to know her husband is well able to afford to give her ten times as much as he does, and doesn't."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Rangle. "That's one good thing about marrying a poor man. At least, his wife gets ALL he has."

And, comforted by this, the ladies shopped in a happy frame of mind.

Mrs. Jarr Very Carefully Compares the Joys of Matrimony and Alimony

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

WHERE would we find our love and laughter?
Oh, wouldn't life be a bore,
If we always thought of the "morning after"
Upon the night before!

Alas! why is it that when your cup of happiness is full somebody always jogs your elbow?

Polygamy may have its drawbacks; but at least the Turk's wife never has to stop and count up in order to discover whether she is "Number One" or only number thirty-two in his affections.

It is never foolish to be wise; but any married woman will tell you that it is sometimes wise to be a little foolish.

It isn't the man who paints his future in rose color and begs her to marry him who usually wins the girl, but the one who paints his "past" in vermilion and begs her to "save" him.

It doesn't make a woman any less determined to have her way just because she can't happen to think what it is.

The last word, her toothbrush and the right to change her mind are about all the exclusively personal things a married woman claims in this life.

Optimism is the happy faculty of tinting your gray to-days by looking at your to-morrows through rose-colored glasses.

Love is the "heart-line"; marriage is the "clothes-line"; divorce is the "life-line."

How to Make a Hit.

By Alma Woodward.

On an Open Street Car.

(It may not be many years before the old style open car will be as great a curiosity as the horse-drawn Belt Line is now. Therefore, make the best of the short time that is left to you to incur popularity on this style of vehicle.)

First—Be an end seat hog, but temper the situation by assisting all aged, infirm, stout or luggage-laden persons across your feet and past your acute knees. When they are seated look at them and smile benignly. Most likely they are hot and out of gear from the exertion; and your close scrutiny and grin will go a long way toward making them happy.

Second—Always offer to pass the nickel of those out of reach to the conductor. You can heighten the effect of this tactful act by dropping the coin—preferably out of the car. This accomplishes the double purpose of pleasing the passenger and the conductor with one shot.

Third—Although the seats are designed to hold five passengers each, the company doesn't figure on embonpoint. Therefore when a candidate for "Green's oatmeal did it!" gets in as the fifth passenger, gaze at him with the same horrified disgust that you would bestow upon a seagoing camel, and look significantly first at the space, then at him and back again, until he wouldn't have the nerve to try it, even though he thought he could get away with it.

Fourth—Always sympathize with the conductor in his trials and tribulations. When a passenger insists that he has paid his fare at the same time that the conductor is insisting that he hasn't, if the passenger is in the same seat with you, wag your head neutrally, so that either may take you as an ally. But if the passenger is far removed, have a lot to say when the conductor comes your way on the running board. For instance: "Ain't he the limit? Why don't you throw him off? Didn't I see him duck? He didn't cough up at all. I'll bet he never saw a nickel, in the first place," &c. If there's a real scrap, be Johnny-on-the-spot with your name and address as witness.

Fifth—If a lovely dame wishes to alight and can't get the conductor's eye to stop the car, pull the bell for her yourself. The motorman will get wise to a new technique on the bell and turn around to glare, and the conductor will holler from the rear, "Hey, keep your paws off'n that bell—see?"

Sixth—When you're getting off yourself, step in front of an automobile—one that's going. It's always well to leave them laughing when you say good-by.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 36.—MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE.
By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

DOMINICUS PIKE, tobacco salesman, jogged out of Morristown early one summer morning seventy years ago, bound on a two-day trip to Kimballton, sixty miles distant.

As Pike drove along he met a villainous-looking fellow who was hurrying from the other direction. Pike hailed the stranger and asked for the latest news. The man replied in a scared whisper that Mr. Higginbotham of Kimballton had been murdered at 8 the previous evening by two men. He added:

"They strung him up to the branch of a St. Michael's pear tree, where nobody would find him till the morning."

Dominicus jogged on, wondering how his informer happened to know so much about a murder committed sixty miles away and less than twelve hours earlier. For there were no railroads and no telegraph lines in that backwoods region. However, news is news. And the first teller of it is always certain of a hearing. So as Dominicus Pike drove from village to village that day he told everywhere the tidings of Mr. Higginbotham's murder.

That night he stopped at an inn half way between Morristown and Kimballton. There, in the barroom he told again his tale of the murder. One farmer in the crowd interrupted the thrilling narrative by declaring:

Tragedy or Comedy?

"If Squire Higginbotham was murdered last night I drank a glass of bitters with his ghost this morning. He called me into his store as I was riding by and treated me."

This setback shook Pike's faith in his own powers as a news-vender. He began to fear the story he had been telling all day was a lie.

Next morning, as he was on his way toward Kimballton, he met a swarthy man coming from that direction. Pike stopped the man and asked him if it were true that Squire Higginbotham had been killed by two men on the night before last. The question seemed to arouse panic fear in the man, who stammered that Higginbotham had indeed been killed—hanged in his own orchard—but by only one man, not by two. Also that it had happened last night; not the night before. In other words, that Higginbotham had been murdered thirteen hours *after* Pike had first heard of the tragedy.

Dominicus wondered mightily at all this; but he was once more confirmed in his belief that his news was true. So at Parker's Falls, where he stopped that noon and where Higginbotham was well known, he told it all over again. No one there had heard it.

In the midst of the excitement followed by his story the stage from Kimballton rolled into town. A curious crowd gathered around it demanding particulars of the crime. Just then a decidedly pretty girl stepped out of the stage and, addressing the throng, told them she was Mr. Higginbotham's niece and that her uncle had been alive and in excellent health when she had left home that morning.

Pike slunk out of town in a hurry, his thoughts divided between dismay at the mystery and adoration for the girl with whom he had fallen in love at sight. At 8 o'clock that evening he drove into Kimballton. As he passed the Higginbotham orchard he resolved to see for himself whether or not Higginbotham's body was hanging from the St. Michael's pear tree. Whip in hand, he left his cart and entered the twilit orchard. Presently he saw the pear tree. And under the tree, a rope about his neck, cowered Higginbotham. A huge ruffian was about to string the luckless Squire up to the nearest branch.

With a blow of his whip butt Dominicus Pike knocked the fellow senseless.

"Mr. Higginbotham," then babbled Pike, "you're an honest man, and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged or not?"

The Problem Solved.

"No, there was no mystery about any of it. Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr. Higginbotham, knowing he passed homeward through his orchard every evening at 8. Two of them, successively, lost courage and fled, each delaying the crime one night by their disappearance, and each trying to dodge suspicion by telling of it as though committed by some one else. The third was in the act of carrying out the plan when a champion, blindly obeying the call of fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared in the person of Dominicus Pike."

That's all, except that Dominicus married Higginbotham's pretty niece and the grateful old gentleman left them his fortune.

45th Year of Belgian "Neutrality"

TO-DAY (Aug. 9) is the forty-fifth anniversary of the signing of a treaty between Great Britain and Prussia by which the neutrality of Belgium, which had been guaranteed by an earlier convention of all the great European powers, was confirmed and reasserted. Two days later Great Britain and France entered into a similar treaty, and the fear, then widespread in Belgium, that the little country might be drawn into the Franco-Prussian war, was definitely and finally allayed. There was wild rejoicing among the Belgians, and warm gratitude to Great Britain was expressed by the King and officials of the Belgian Government.

When the present war broke out Belgium was protected against aggression not only by the guarantee of perpetual neutrality made by the European powers in 1831, following the recognition of the independence of Belgium, but by the treaties of 1870 which Great Britain forced upon Prussia and France. It was these treaties which became but "scraps of paper" when "military necessity" sent the armies of the Kaiser swarming over Belgium last year.

Great Britain's role of protector of Belgium was more successful in 1870, when the Emperor Napoleon and the soon-to-be-empire of Bismarck's creation engaged in conflict. When France and Germany clashed, Belgium feared a repetition of history, in which she had always played the role of a prize hung up for greedy and powerful nations to squabble over. Again her geographical position made her a buffer state between hostile powers. Hoping for the best, Belgium fully expected the worst. She promptly put her little army on a war footing and prepared to sell her independence dearly. Both her French and German borders were lined with troops and hastily improvised defenses.

England's position made it necessary that Belgian neutrality should be preserved. As a result of British intervention, Belgium was spared all the horrors of that war, and for once a great conflict raged about her borders while the latter remained inviolate. In September, 1870, a number of French troops passed into Belgium, but their mood was far from belligerent, as they were fleeing from the disaster at Sedan, and entered Belgium only to escape capture by the Germans. They immediately laid down their arms and were interned by the Belgians. The experience of 1870 gave the Belgians confidence in the power of the treaties by which they were protected—a confidence which it now seems was sadly misplaced.

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy

By Famous Authors

GREATNESS. By Abraham Cowley.

"SINCE we cannot attain greatness," says the Sieur de Montaigne, "let us have our revenge by sneering at it." This he spoke but in jest. I believe he desired it no more than I do and had less reason.

I know many men will despise and some pity me as a poor spirited fool, but I confess I love littleness in almost all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company and a very little feast, and if I were to fall in love again (and I hope I have done with it) it would be, I think, with prettiness rather than with majestic beauty.

Yet there are very few people who are not in something and to some degree grandiose. Is anything more common than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in without one to lead them, and a gown as long again as their body so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up?

I may safely say that all the ostentation of our grandees is just like a train—of no use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this but a spice of grandeur? How tedious would this be if we were all bound to it.

Augustus himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed, too, with many excellent parts of nature, was often found playing at ball and tossing stones with little Moorish and Syrian boys.

One of the inconveniences of this status is that no greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself. Still, if it could mount up a little higher it would be happy, if it could but gain that point it would obtain all its desires. But yet at last when it is up to the very top of the peak it is in very great danger of breaking its neck. • • •

When you have pared away vanity, what solid and natural contentment does there remain which may not be had with five hundred pounds a year? Not so many servants or houses, but a few good ones which will do the business as well; not so many choice dishes at every meal, but at several meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthful and yet the more pleasant; not so rich garments, nor so frequent changes, but as warm and as comely; not such a stately palace or gilt rooms or the costliest sorts of tapestry, but a convenient brick house with decent wainscot and pretty forest hangings.

Lastly, not whole woods, cut in parks, nor vast parks, nor fountains or cascade gardens, but herb and flower and fruit gardens, which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome as if it darted from the chest of a marble nymph or the urn of a river god.